

## **Raunchy**

### **"Blueprints For Lost Sounds"**

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Lay down and wait  
Save your guns for the night

There's a pink sound in the sundown  
Let's step off for a second  
Let's think about it

You can tame it, but you cannot keep me  
This city bears my name

Death. Life. Good sons. Girls!

I'm not for keepers  
It is in my blood,  
But there's something about you

You can move me with your style  
It's the sex and the wild

Death. Life. Good sons. And girls!

It's so natural  
This thing between you and I  
It's all that I am a good son  
Might be the last time  
I'll be coming home  
Think I might hurt you,  
Might hurt you badly  
It's all that I am a bad son

I am the good son  
It's all I am  
Sound the bells  
I'm off hook tonight  
Oh how, pathetic is the life I've led  
All I do is wrong, but I seem to do it right

It's so natural  
This thing between you and I  
It's all that I am a good son  
Might be the last time

I'll be coming home  
Think I might hurt you,  
Might hurt you badly  
It's all that I am a bad son

Might be the last time  
I'll be coming home  
Think I might hurt you,  
Might hurt you badly  
It's all that I am a bad son

Lay down and wait  
Save your guns for the night

Wake me when I am

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